Numb. 56.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, Febzuary the 21. 1682.

Jeſt. MArry guep! how tender-credited our Friend is? We could not talk civilly between our ſelves, but either his Conſciouſneſs or his Pride put his imagination upon the rack to apply our Diſcourſe to himſelf. Our Province is to laſh a rout of wanton and diſloyal people, and if any will be outermoſt and ſo get a yerk that makes 'em ſmart, let them hereafter learn to hide themſelves in the croud.

Earn. But 'tis very obſervable, that there are men in the World, who profeſs Loyalty even to *Lives* and *Fortunes*, and yet can tamely hear his Majeſties Honour (which is more valuable than the Heads of all the Whigs in *Europe*) I ſay they can hear His Honour baſely and falſely (perhaps traiterouſly) reflected on with a *Hey tronny nonny no*, and it may be bob in a little too at the Chorus; but if they can, though in a wreſted ſenſe, find their own little Reputations ſlur'd, they wince like a gaul'd Horſe when the Farrier is about to plaiſter him.

Jeſt. The leſs Reputation a man has, he ought to be the more chary of it.

Earn. But the Kings Printers had beſt look to't. They have printed 1 *Cor.* vi. 10. *Not thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor Extortioners ſhall inherit the Kingdom of God: And ſuch were ſome of you.* If they are fetch'd up, it may be one or other will ſay, as was ſaid in the late times upon another occaſion, *It is my requeſt, that they be committed and that Bail be not taken.*

Jeſt. O brave Arbitrary! true Patriot! Behold thy Gods, O Iſrael! theſe are the men that are to defend Engliſh men's Liberties and Properties! Prethee do but hear what old *John* of *Lydgate* ſays of ſuch manner of men:

Pone is ſo pzoude as he that can no good,
The leuder heed the moze pzeſumption,
Moſt cruelte and vengeance in lowe blode
Mith malapertneſſe and indiſcretion:
Of Churle and Gentle make this dibiſion
Of outhoz of them I dare right well repoze
Frothens thei came therto the wpl refozte.

Earn. But God be thanked for the ſucceſs of the Truemen laſt *Michaelmas*, we have an Honourable Perſon in the City ſo truly juſt and ſo reſolvedly loyal, as nothing can ever perſuade him to ſuffer an honeſt Citizen to be cruſh'd by the impotent rage of any malicious and ill-minded man.

Jeſt. No more of that. Prethee, haſt thou any Friends at the Table of the Company of *Stationers?* becauſe I would deſire a kindneſs of 'em.

Earn. They are loyal Gentlemen, as you may ſee not only from their keeping out *Tumbler*, *Thumb*, &c. but their excluding any thing like Infection, ſo that you may aſſure your ſelf of any courteſie from 'em. Pray what is it?

Jeſt. I would deſire 'em in their next Edition of Almanacks, to reſerve one day, ſuppoſe it be that when the Dog-ſtar is in the Zenith, to be yearly honoured with the name of St. *Hick* of *Colcheſter*, in red Letters; for *Dick Implement* and the whole Faction have made a little Godamighty of him of late.

Earn. There goes more to a Saint than a place in the Kalendar, he ought to be Tutelar of ſome Place and Trade, and to have ſome Diſeaſe particularly ſubject to him.

Jeſt. He ſhall be the good Genius then of *Billingſgate* and the Fiſh-Wives, to be invoked when their railing Faculties are almoſt ſpent; and he ſhall be famous for the Megrim in the Head, which if he can cure, let him.

Earn. But what's the meaning of all this kindneſs of the Whigs? I cannot hear he is in any one point more vertuous or leſs vicious than when they call'd him *Common-Swearer*, *Drunkard*, *Barretor*, *Debauchee*, *Hectoring Devil*, *Graceleſs Villain*, &c. See p. 1. and 2. of *Vindication of* Hickeringils *Sermon on Curſe ye Meroz*. Now ſince this time he has chang'd nothing but his Party, and yet ſee how the Phanaticks applaud and follow him, *Impl.* ſeems to be at a loſs for words to commend him, *Reverend and Learned Miniſter, one of known Ingenuity, Eminency, and Learning, who has not for theſe twenty years ſince he was a Divine, wrong'd Man, Woman or Child.*

Jeſt. The love of the Whigs ſeldome does any man good; for my part I ſhould be loth to be in their favour. How have they cokes'd a Noble Youth out of his Fathers Arms and his own happineſs, to become cheap and little in the World! Did not they hug *Colledg* till they had ſqueez'd out his Tripes! Did not their fair promiſes

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of *ſtanding by him*, bring *Ben. Harris* to the Pillory, where indeed they made good their words in the literal ſenſe, which he (deluded Tool!) had underſtood in a Figurative? And now Captain *Hick* who has been hoop'd and hollow'd at ſo much has got a Suſpenſion already, and nobody knows where 'twill end: All that they can do for him is to Saint him.

Earn. But by confeſſing he has not for twenty years *wrong'd* Man, Woman or Child, they allow that to be true which he has ſaid in his Sermon on *Curſe ye Meroz*, p. 8. *Fanaticiſm is the ſpawn of Popery*; and p. 11. the *Papiſts*, *Jeſuits*, *and the Fanaticks*, *eſpecially the rigid Presbyterians and Fifth-Monarchy-men* (where's the Amſterdam-Conſtable?) *we are ſure are men of Sin and Sons of Perdition.* And p. 12. comparing *Papiſts and Jeſuits* with *Presbyterians and Fanaticks*, he ſays, "Both are Bejeſuited and Breath nothing but Blood "and Ruin, for Gods-ſake and Gods-cauſe; and "yet they are ſeverally diſtinguiſh'd and diſguiz'd; "one wears a Fryars weed, the other a ſhort ſyno-"dical Jump; one wears his Crown ſhaven, the "other only crop'd. And truly I think he was very much in the right, though I never expected the Whigs would have been of my mind.

Jeſt. You muſt know they have no Rules of judging men or things by, whether vertuous, religious, ingenious, or in any point laudable, or the contrary, but by the Side; making the worſt application of the Rule of judging of a man by his Company, in liking or diſliking only with reſpect to their dear Cauſe.

Earn. I'le give 'em one touch more out of him, if it be but, (as the Knight that would be, with the ſpacious Noſe, ſaid) only to fill up our Paper, and that is *page 9.* "As for Arbitrary Govern-"ment and Popery, though we have all the rea-"ſons in the World to believe that it is morally "impoſſible, that ever any Engliſh Magiſtrate had "any ſuch deſign in our days of ſetting them up, "and promoting them; yet that's not material; "Fears and Jealouſies of Popery and Arbitrary "Government ſhall as effectually do the buſineſs "of thoſe *Boutefeu's* and *Demagogues*, that love to "ſcare the People out of their Wits, till they run "a Madding to Tumult, Mutiny and Rebellion, to "their Ruine; like thoſe that in danger of ha-"ving the Ship Founder under them; leap Over-"board for fear of Drowning.

Jeſt. Well, let 'em e'en take it amongſt 'em? But 'twas well done of 'em, and conſcientiouſly however, when they gave him, according to *Implement*, twenty marks damages for having his Hat pull'd off.

Earn. Every man is not born to ſo good fortune. I have heard of an honeſt man who about the ſame time was thrown in the dirt by a Brother, and received five wounds in his head, each of which the Chirurgeon was forced to lay open, and the Patient to keep his Bed for a moneth, and yet after all this, perhaps for want of Evidence or ſome other miſchance, he got but forty ſhillings.

Jeſt. If the Defendant were a Whig, 'twas well he got that. Let me tell you, 'tis very agreeable to the Opinion of antient Divines in that way, that to pull off the Hat of a ſtickling Saint is at any time a greater Sin than to cut off the Noſe of a Tory. Alas, you are not yet acquainted with the Priviledges of the Saints, Read but *Th. Palmer* (a man famous in his Generation) his Sermon, entitled *the Saints Support in theſe ſad times*, p. 15, 16, 17. cited by a good Author, "Wicked men who "are out of Chriſt (*i.e.* out of their favour) have no "proper right to the Creatures, nor to the Sacra-"ments and Ordinances, nor to thoſe Creatures "that ſuſtain Life. And then when the Riches, and "Honours, and Liberty given to the Saints and Go-"ſpel-times ſo long promiſed ſhall come, then the "wicked miſeries of the wicked begin, then ſhall "their time of ſadneſs and ſorrow come in. Here will be luſcious times for the *ſecret ones*, when they once come.

Earn. Perhaps theſe times he ſpeaks of are come now, at leaſt as far as in 'em lies they would make 'em ſo. St. *Pacquet* publiſhes a *manifeſtly forg'd* Letter with ſaucy Reflections upon the Government and Governours, and our zealous men are as quiet as Lambs; and yet if honeſt *Heraclitus* ſhews a *real* one, (and which in due time and place he will prove ſo to be) and defends the Honourable and the Loyal from their impudent Calumnies, the Whiggiſhly affected endeavour to wreſt it to the worſt ſenſe, and he's firk'd up preſently.

Jeſt. Why, ſo 'will be ſo long as ill men can by damning their Souls (in making a ſtalking-Horſe of Sacraments) get a hand in the management of publick affairs.

Earn. The Good old Cauſe had been loſt but for this Trick. When they rebell'd before, you know, their whole ſtrength lay in a Houſe of Commons, who having extorted more Power than ſtood with the Nature of the Government, flew immediately in the face of the Donor: But now all their Safety is in a certain Circle of ground veſted with ſuch Priviledges wherein they lie enſconc'd, as being abuſed may there make nothing of Treaſon and Rebellion.

Jeſt. As you ſay, Ignoring of Crimes ſufficiently proved, and taking the Sacrament with no other deſign than to be enabled to do miſchief, are brand-new Inventions, and not known in Forty-One, when the Saints were as well qualified for Rebels, one would think, as the Devil could make 'em.

Earn. Every Age improves in Knowledge, you know, and we'l ſee if we can get theſe men and Arts recorded in the next Edition of *Polydore Virgil de rerum Inventoribus.*

Jeſt. We will. 'Twill contribute much to their Honour in the next Age, though I fear, their friend old *Nicolas* was the prime Inventor.

Earn. No matter for that; they'l eaſily agree.

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